

mirage

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by [Maven Morozov](#)

Summary

But right now, she could hold, at least, the power of the Second Army over his head, for while he held the reins of Ravka, Alina led the most powerful soldiers in the world. They would kill for her; they would do anything she asked. Just as many of them had done for him. They trusted her.

She wished she could trust herself.

But no—Alina felt the way that power in all its headiness tickled along the back of her neck and down her spine, its slithery voice whispering devilish, cruel thoughts in her ear. So knowing that, knowing that she was so tempted by her army and her Summoning abilities and the Firebird, Alina could not trust herself even the tiniest bit. She had lost that opportunity long ago.

While Alina takes a luxurious, relaxing bath in the Little Palace, she thinks about the Darkling, and her imagination takes hold of her body.

Notes

written for:

- anon who requested darklina x hate sex!
- darklina fictober 2020
- kinktober day 22: bathtub/bath sex;)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Smooth clear water gushed across her skin, hot and scalding to the touch. Alina loved hot water, the way it seemed to clear out all the grime from her pores and leave her skin feeling oddly fresh. She loved it, too, when the water was just-poured, the bubbles and soap from her hair not yet having contaminated the liquid of the bath. It was perfect.

She'd never been able to afford such luxury in the orphanage, and much less when she joined the First Army. Those days had all been full of small wooden buckets filled three-quarters of the way with ice-cold water that made her shiver for hours afterward.

And then there had been her first few days at the Little Palace, with servants surrounding her in her vulnerable nakedness, scrubbing her back and arms and feet without mercy. She had never been able to relax then, either.

This, though, was different. It was grounding, but at the same time, a lovely dreamscape, and Alina almost felt herself drifting in and out of sleep. She thought perhaps that it was her power relaxing her as well, not only in the physical sense of her Grisha abilities, but the fact that she was now the leader of them all. They called her *moi sovrenyi*. Alina could feel a tingling rush through her at the thought. She had power, and it was intoxicating.

It was somehow also uncannily *arousing*.

Sighing to herself, Alina let herself sink into the short edge of the luxurious bathtub, resting her head on its rim. She allowed her hand to rub circles on the soft, light brown skin of her stomach and trace patterns around her navel. And then—

After a little while of soaking—though not too long, for she hadn't been able to help herself—she released the hold she had placed on the limits of her own mind, and let herself think of the Darkling, her enemy, the one she truly hated above everyone else, and at the same time, couldn't stay away from. He was terrible and ruthless. He had killed people, slashed them into pieces with the Cut. And yet. And yet.

And yet, Alina wanted to feel those lithe pale hands of his around her throat, his breath caressing her ear, and the weight of his body on top of her. She wanted to feel his cock brush her cunt, which she knew would drip in want for him, and feel the ultimate satisfaction of him fucking her.

But right now, she could hold, at least, the power of the Second Army over his head, for while he held the reins of Ravka, Alina led the most powerful soldiers in the world. They would kill for her; they would do anything she asked. Just as many of them had done for him. They trusted her.

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the Firebird, Alina could not trust herself even the tiniest bit. She had lost that opportunity long ago.

Now she wanted to feel the Darkling at her whims. She wanted to see him beg for the mercy he'd never truly given her, and she wanted to see him on his knees as he did it. She'd make him scream and moan and when she was finally finished with him, she'd leave him a sobbing, dripping mess on the floor. He wouldn't get to come inside of her, and he wouldn't get to have his release, either. But Alina would make sure she would get her own.

She smiled as she realized that without purposefully doing so, her thumb had drifted to her swollen clit and was pressing and rubbing onto it. Her middle and index fingers had even taken the further step of reaching themselves into her wet hole and slowly fucking her. Alina was mildly surprised by her own arousal at the fantasy of such an encounter with the Darkling, but she supposed that it was only natural. After all, he had vowed to do the same to her.

I'll be sure you hear it when I make her scream, the Darkling had sneered at Mal what seemed so long ago, and Alina was sure if he had had the opportunity, he would have made good on his promise. A part of her regretted that he'd never been able to.

Thinking of him, her fingers sped up from where they danced in their positions in her cunt. She wished she knew his name so that she could moan it into the echoey bathroom, but she did not, so instead, she improvised. "Master," Alina murmured to his imaginary presence as she slowly fucked herself, imagining that her thin fingers were his long and clever ones. "You fuck me so good, master."

She moved even more quickly, and in her head, the Darkling was above her again, pulling on her hair and teeth catching on her lower lip as he fucked her mercilessly, fingers pleasuring her clit. "My Alina," he would whisper, and Alina shuddered at the thought of it. She could feel herself sweating in the midst of her activities, and the hot bathwater didn't help, either.

A moment later, she could feel that she was close. "Oh, master," Alina moaned, bucking into her hand. The water shifted around her like a soft caress, like luxurious, expensive fabric that hugged her body. "Please let me come!"

The Darkling whispered, "But are you sure that you deserve it, pet?"

Alina groaned and nodded as best she could. "I do, I do! Please, I want to come on your cock, master!"

She could feel the phantom growl of the Darkling above her face, phantom hand squeezing her tit, phantom lips pressing and sucking at her collarbone, sure to leave a bruise. "Alright," he whispered, and Alina gasped as he worked his thumb into her clit, finally bringing her over the edge. "Come, my darling."

And she did, her own juices mixing with the now-soapy bathwater. She could still feel the Darkling sinking down on top of her, and as he did, she pulled at his hair, yanking his head up so that his neck was exposed to her. Grinning wickedly, Alina closed her mouth around a pretty little pale, unmarked spot on his skin, and began to kiss it fervently. She moaned as she

nipped at him with her teeth and sucked and sucked until she knew a bruise, *her mark*, would remain. The Darkling made a lovely sound, too, low and throaty and unfamiliar. She wanted to hear him make that sound again.

Alina opened her eyes to see him tilting his chin down again, meeting his eyes as he continued to fuck her until he could come himself. His quartz gaze was intense, and she felt herself squirming around his cock as he continued to pound into her, burying himself to the hilt. Around them, the hot bathwater splashed and spilled onto the tile floor, and Alina felt her cunt squeeze around the Darkling's cock at the mess they were making.

Then he came, and she felt the warmth of his essence shooting into her with ease. Alina gasped as the feeling flooded through her...but was it only a feeling at all?

She tried to open her eyes up again, but they were already wide and staring. The Darkling was still here, flesh and bone, more than her fantasy. "What—?" Alina asked, her voice faltering as it fell into a whisper. "You're real?"

"Of course I'm real, my Alina," he said to her quietly, running a hand around a strand of her soaked, soapy hair. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"It's just that...you were in my imagination just a moment ago. I was, well—alone," she admitted sheepishly, embarrassed to be caught at such intimate activities. But the Darkling only smiled. "I could feel you calling to me," he said to her, voice gentle, but still edged with warning. Alina was sharply reminded that he was still a killer, a killer who had hurt her and her loved ones so much. And yet—she had just gotten off to the feeling of him fucking her. Perhaps, he had actually done so physically, too. She wasn't sure if she minded if he had. Alina groaned. She was going to be in so much trouble if Genya ever found out about this.

"Are you really here, though?" Alina asked him, her eyes narrowing as she tried to throw off her careening side thoughts. "Or are you just another phantom? Just another mirage?"

"Can't I be both?" he asked, and Alina glared at him. He was beautiful, and he was powerful, and he was dangerous, but he was also a man. And men were little pieces of shit.

"I'm here with you," the Darkling admitted after a moment. "But I'm also sitting on my throne in the Grand Palace." He eyed her intently. "It's a very luxurious throne, I must say. It's...large, for one. And ghastly while still managing to look beautiful..." He trailed off, daring her to speak.

"It was made for a king," Alina said flatly, dragging a hand down his chest that dripped with water and feeling his muscles clench beneath her touch.

The Darkling nodded. "Yes. It was made for a king. And aren't I that?"

Alina could only look at him, his sharp flat nose and flinty grey eyes, high cheekbones and wide, beautiful face that looked too fragile to belong to him. "I wish you weren't," she admitted, and the unspoken words echoed loud in the bathroom chamber around them. "Goodbye, *moi tsar*. Until we meet again."

A flicker of a smile crossed his face, and he pressed a fleeting kiss to her lips. “Until then, *moi sovrenyi*.”

End Notes

well, that was fun to write! part of this was being written in class, part of this was written during a short span of time in which i received a stream of anon hate about shipping darklina, and part of this was written during the 2nd presidential debate! fun times, right?

hope you enjoyed! as always, praise & feedback are appreciated! stay safe<3

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